A POWER COMIC

A HULK T-SHIRT FOR EVERYONE—SEE INSIDE!

SMASH!

No. 60
25th MAR. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

CAN ANYTHING CRUSH THE INCREDIBLE HULK?

SEE INSIDE!

POISON IVY AND HER LARCENOUS LOVELIES HAVE LEAPED INTO THE 'BATMAN HILTON' HOTEL'S POOL TO ELUDE THEIR PURSUERS! BUT THE DYNAMIC DUO ARE PLUNGING IN THEIR WAKE!

REMEMBER, ROBIN--THEY'RE ONLY GIRLS! DON'T LET'S DROWN THEM!

Batman Hilton

BOB KANE

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TAKE A DEEP BREATH!

CONCENTRATE ON CATCHING THEM ONE AT A TIME!

RIGHT, BATMAN!

SIGN-LANGUAGE LEARNED FROM CHEROKEE MEDICINE-MAN

FLIP THE PAGE, BATFANS...

© Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1967

WHAT A SHOCK HE'S DUE FOR!
WOW! THEIR BOOTS ARE ELECTRIFIED!
IF IT WEREN'T FOR OUR GAUNTLETS, WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED!
THAT OUGHT TO SLOW THEM DOWN FOR A MINUTE!
WHAT NOW, IVY?
TIME TO GET OUT OF HERE! LET'S GO!
HAVE THE MADCAP MAIDENS MISPLACED THEIR MARBLES?
NO! THERE'S AN OUTLET PIPE— WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A 'DAME DRAIN'!
ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS, THE DRAINPIPE RUNS IN THIS DIRECTION!
BUT POISON IVY AND HER GIRL-CROOKS HAVE PROBABLY DROWNED IN IT BY NOW, BATMAN!
16
I'M NOT SO SURE, CHUM!
RIGHT FIRST TIME, BATMAN! THE GIRLS ARE ALIVE AND KICKING! SO DROP IN NEXT SMASHDAY FOR KICKS!

Percy's Pets

HOW ABOUT A GAME OF SNAKES AND LADDERS, PERCY?
HOP IT, SAMMY! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M READING THE HULK'S LATEST THRILLING ADVENTURE?
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
OH, NO! WHAT NOW?
HOW ABOUT A GAME OF PIN THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY, PERCY?
I'LL LOCK MYSELF IN MY BEDROOM! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL GET ANY PEACE!
COR! GOOD OL GREENSKIN! —SIGH!— I WISH I WERE THE HULK—
SMASH!
HOW ABOUT A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK, PERCY?
OH, NO! THEY MUST HAVE COME IN THROUGH A MOUSE-HOLE!

NEH! NEH! WE'LL HIDE YOUR SMASH! — THEN YOU TRY TO FIND IT, PERCY!
RAGH! NO! COME BACK, I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HULK!
GRRR! LEAVE ME ALONE! HOP IT!
ROTTEN OLD PERCY! HE NEVER PLAYS WITH US NOW!
YEAH! AND IT'S ALL THE HULK'S FAULT!
THAT COMIC'S GOT TO GO!
YOU CAN HELP US, JUMBO! AND HERE'S WHAT YOU DO—!
AND SO...
DO NOT DISTURB OR ELSE!
ERNK! NO TALKING
SHUSH
SUCK!
RAGH! MY SMASH! SOMEONE'S SNITCHED IT!
GUESS WHO!
OOER! PERCY'S STARK RAVING MAD!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! HE DIDN'T TAKE IT AS A JOKE!
GORR! GRRR! WHERE ARE THEY?
G-GULP! PERCY'S PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK NOW!
D-DO YOU THINK I'LL PASS AS A BOULDER? GULP! GULP!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967

AAGH! THAT'S TAKING UNFAIR ADVANTAGE— YOU ROTTEN COWARD!

SPER-LASH!

GRRR! I COULD DO THAT TOO—IF I HAD A BIKE!

HEH! HEH! WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK! HERE'S LITTLE PETUNIA PETTIGREW ON HER NEW BIKE!

I RECKON A NICE LITTLE PUNCTURE WILL MAKE HER STOP—THEN I'LL NAB HER BIKE!

COO! I NEVER KNEW THIS LITTLE HILL WAS HERE BEFORE!

EEK!

SNIGGER! THANKS FOR THE **LIFT**, PENNY— VERY **TACK**FUL OF YOU!

BAH!

GRRR! BEATEN AGAIN! BUT I'M NOT FINISHED YET!

COO! NOW'S MY CHANCE! THERE'S P.C. CAPP LEAVING HIS BIKE OUTSIDE MRS MALONE'S TEA SHOP—HE'S GOING IN FOR HIS MORNING CUPPA!

CAFE OPEN

MOUNT SADDLE AND OFF! HEH! HEH!

AAGH! I'VE BEEN HAD AGAIN. I CAN'T EVEN REACH THE PEDALS! WHY MUST COPS BE SO TALL?

FUME!

TRYING TO NAB AN OFFICER'S BIKE, EH? THAT'S A SERIOUS OFFENCE! WE'LL SEE WHAT THE SERGEANT HAS TO SAY ABOUT THIS!

THIS HAS BEEN COMING FOR A LONG TIME, MY GIRL!

BUT I'M **GOING!** SNIGGER!

AAGH! SHE'S HOPPED OFF!
YA-AH! CAN'T CATCH ME!
LATER...
GOT HIM! NOW TO HOOK HIS BIKE!
WAA-AAH!
YAHOO! THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL PUDDLE!
? ?
SPLOSH!
BETTER PUT THESE SIGNS UP BEFORE SOMEONE FALLS IN!
BEWARE OF POSSIBLE LEAKAGE IN WATER MAINS
BAH! I GIVE UP!
HO! HO! SERVES HER RIGHT!
BACK HOME...
IT'S JUST NOT MY DAY. WHAT I NEED IS SOME SWEETS TO CHEER ME UP— BUT I'VE ONLY GOT A BLOOMING FARTHING!
PENNY JUST CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM BIKES THIS WEEK—'COS THIS IS A PICTURE OF A PENNY FARTHING!—SORRY!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

So many of you frantic ones have been requesting information on just who does what at the Power House that we've finally given in. Merry Margaret Smith has unlocked the big file marked "Secret" and right here and now we're going to leak just a few of the names of our captive geniuses. To those of you who have been clamouring to know who draws Spiderman in POW, the answer is Steve Ditko. And Steve is also drawing the current saga of the HULK which is helping to make SMASH what it is today. Johnny Severin is the man responsible for much of the magnificence in Nick Fury. And in FANTASTIC, the Mighty Thor and Iron Man are drawn in the main by Don Heck, while the master himself, Jack Kirby, illustrates the X-Men. Oh—we nearly forgot the Missing Link. The artwork for that lovable lad comes from the brush of maestro Jose Bermejo. And as for The Fantastic Four—they're looked after by Jolly Jack Kirby himself!

* * * * * *

TWENTY FRANTIC FOLLOWERS

Roberta Strong, Tottenham, London. Patrick Ryan, Hailwood, Liverpool. Edward Richards, Southville, Bristol. Nigel Lale, Newark, Notts. Colin Oldroyd, Batley, Yorks. Anthony Frazer, Dunbartonshire, Scotland. Andrew Burleigh, Walton-on-Naze, Essex. David White, Bushey Heath. Susan Wooldridge, Norwich, Norfolk. Robert Wayne, Brent, London. Susan Hargreaves, Clitheroe, Lancs. Grant Smithers, Polegate, Sussex. Laura Hopkins, Hampstead, London. Paul Franklin, Bexley, Kent. John French, Southampton, Hants. Paul Sheppard, Hull, Yorkshire. Paul Harrison, Kew, Surrey. Kenny Brown, Streatham, London. Frank Blair, Middlesbrough. Michael Howarth, Preston, Lancs.

* *

We felt all along that FANTASTIC was going to prove to be more popular than holidays, and how right we were! In fact, even we are surprised by the mountains of mail that have been descending upon us, requesting us to produce a companion paper to FANTASTIC forthwith. We haven't made up our minds about this yet, but, since our one aim in life is to keep our readers happy, we may yet do this. And if we do do it, who should we feature? The Avengers, maybe? And Sub-mariner? And what would we call it? Any ideas? If you do have an inspiration we'll be grateful to have it. But remember—it'll have to match up to FANTASTIC!

In the meantime, if you want to know how to keep people guessing, keep smiling, it makes 'em wonder what you've been up to!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

A WHIRLING ROTOR TRAPS **RUBBERMAN, ALONZO** AND AN **INDIAN FAKIR** AS THEY TRY TO ESCAPE FROM THE FAIRGROUND OF DEATH **COUNT ARENA** RUNS FOR HIS EVIL AMUSEMENT...

...AND ABOVE THE MOUNTING WHINE OF THE DEADLY MACHINE COMES THE GLOATING VOICE OF THE COUNT...

FEEL IT GATHER SPEED, RUBBERMAN? WITHIN A FEW MINUTES YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE FLATTENED TO NOTHING—BY CENTRIFUGAL FORCE....!

I—I CAN'T MOVE! IT'S... AS IF...A TON WEIGHT WERE PRESSING AGAINST ME...!

COUNT ARENA EMERGES FROM HIS CONTROL ROOM...

THE DEATH OF RUBBERMAN! THIS IS SOMETHING I **DON'T** WANT TO MISS! I WANT TO SEE EVERY LAST TORTUOUS MOMENT OF LIFE THAT IS LEFT TO HIM!

AND THERE WON'T BE **MANY** OF THOSE, BOSS!

YOUR FRIENDS WILL DIE FIRST, RUBBER-MAN. THEN SLOWLY, EVEN **YOU** WILL BEGIN **TO DISINTE-GRATE!** AND THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO SAVE YOURSELF!

I—I CAN'T STAND IT...! MY BONES ARE... **AAAHHHH!**

BUT ONE OF RUBBERMAN'S ARMS IS NOT IMPRISONED BY THE FORCE!

BOSS! **LOOK OUT!**

QUICK! GET ME DOWN BEFORE HE... **UUUUHHHH!**

OUF!

CRACK!

COME...AND JOIN THE PARTY, COUNT! LET'S SEE HOW **YOU** LIKE IT....!

NO! NO!

DESPERATELY, COUNT ARENA SCREAMS A COMMAND...

HOW LONG WILL **YOU** LAST, COUNT?

STOP IT! STOP THE MACHINE! STOOOP!

NOW TELL THEM TO THROW DOWN THEIR GUNS, COUNT!

ANYTHING YOU S-SAY!

AND TELL THEM NOT TO TRY AND FOLLOW US — OR YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO GET IT!

YOU...YOU HEARD HIM! STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

NOW, HOW DO WE GET AWAY FROM THIS ISLAND OF YOURS, ARENA?—AND YOU HAD BETTER KNOW THE ANSWER!

THERE'S A BOAT ON THE BEACH...THIS WAY!

SUDDENLY...

RUBBER-MAN! WHAT'S HE DOING?

AAAAHHH!

HE'S TRIGGERED OFF A TRAP...!

BUT-AS THE COUNT LEAPS FOR RUBBERMAN'S FALLEN RIFLE...

NO YOU DON'T, COUNT!

I FORGOT HE HAS THIS WHOLE ISLAND LITTERED WITH TRAPS. BUT I WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE AGAIN!

IF WE LOSE HIM NOW— WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY!

STAY THERE! I'LL GET HIM BACK!

BUT EVEN AS RUBBERMAN REACHES THE FLEEING COUNT...

LOOK OUT! THEY'LL KILL...AAA-AAHHH!

THE OTHERS! W-WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THEM—?

THERE IS A SAVAGE PERIL IN THE FOREST THAT RUBBERMAN HAS NOT THOUGHT OF! DARE **YOU** FACE IT WITH HIM NEXT WEEK?

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

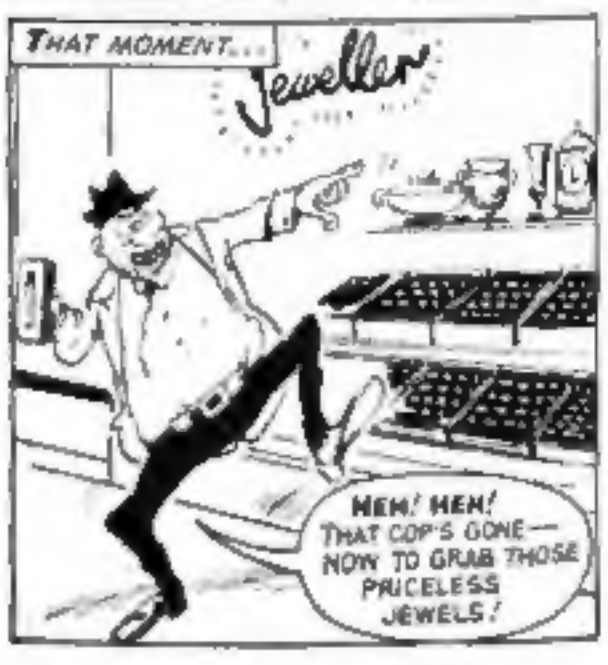
RONNIE RICH

BAN! WISH WE HAD A BATH TO DIVE INTO AFTER A MATCH LIKE THOSE PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL PLAYERS DO!
YEAH! I'VE GOT MUD IN ME EAR HOLE, EYE HOLE AND LACE-HOLE!
COO! THAT'S HOW I'LL GET RID OF MY LOLLY — I'LL BUILD THE LADS A BATH-HOUSE!

AFTER THE NEXT MATCH...
YAHOO! GOOD OLD RON! HE'S BUILT US A BATH-HOUSE!
WHAT A PAL!
HEH! HEH! I'M BROKE NOW — NOW I'LL GET THAT MILLION QUID!

BUT...
THREE CHEERS FOR RON — I THINK HE SHOULD BE THE FIRST TO USE IT!
AAGH! DON'T, YOU TWERP! HELP! HELP!
SPLOSH!
GRRR! I CAN'T GO AND COLLECT MY MILLION QUID LIKE THIS! I'M SOAKED TO THE SKIN!

YOU LOOK LIKE RONNIE RICH — BUT YOU CAN'T BE — HIS MUM WOULDN'T LET HIM GO AROUND SCRUFFY LIKE THAT!
B-BUT I AM! IT IS ME! I'M RON! LOOK! THERE'S MY IDENTITY MOLE ON MY SECOND RIB!



BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!— [redacted]

64, Long Acre, London W.C.2

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

Dear Alf and Cos,

One of the best parts of your comic is the Letters Page. Something new in the English sector of Comicdom!

This letter is nothing to do with SMASH! It is about a certain letter that appeared in your "masterful mag" No. 51, by Peter Simpson from Whitby.

This letter was one of the best written, informative and intelligent that ever appeared in your Letters Page. But what I really want to do, is to argue some of the points P.S. made!

(1) I am glad you are "doctoring", as P.S. puts it, the stories from the Marvel House of Ideas!
Stan Lee overdoes the anti-Communist 'bit'! I think that Stan Lee should write less against Russian Communism, and write more against Chinese Communism (two very different things).

(2) I disagree entirely on the inclusion of the CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN! I think that DC comic strips should be left out of the Power Comics. Mainly because of the poor quality of art in these (DC) mags. Of the DC artists, only Carmine Infantiso, whom I think drew Batman, in issues SMASH! 46, 47, 48, and Murphy Anderson are good. But back to the letter . . .

(3) I agree with P.S. on the statement that 6 ft. Spiderman-pin-ups should be given to writers of printed letters in POW! Instead of Spidey T-shirts.

Paul Wastell.

● *Shucks! Spare our blushes, Paul—we couldn't have put it better ourselves.*
Alf and Cos.

* * * *

Dear Alf and Cos,

I thought you might like to know the origin of Batman and Robin . . .

Bruce Wayne's parents were murdered and Bruce was left on his own. Some time afterwards Dick Grayson was watching his parents in their trapeze act and the trapeze broke. Dick's parents were murdered. Then Dick met Bruce, who trained him to be a crime fighter and they called themselves Batman and Robin.

Paul Healand,
Hull, Yorks.

● *Thanks for the But-chat, Paul—we're learning all the time.*
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Why can't we have more stuff like 'Nick Fury Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.' in Power Comics because it really livens things up? I am not trying to say that 'Nick Fury' is better than the Hulk, because it isn't. But I think it would be a good change.

Andrew Cash,
Bristol, 7.

● *Stick around, Andy. You've got some Power Packed surprises coming to liven things up for you. Getting your letter printed in Smash! is only a start.*
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

As I passed your printing works last Saturday I heard an almighty rumble. Please tell me what it was. My idea is that it was either Cos who, after eating too many baked beans for dinner had a stomach ache, or the office boy who makes your tea dropped the tray on Hulk's toe.

I love SMASH and always make sure I get it before my brother.

Mark Takeman,
London, N.W.10.

● *Sure it was a rumble you heard and not a WHAM! SMASH! or POW!—? Saturday was our day off so we can't clear up the mystery.*
Alf and Cos.

Most of you love SMASH!, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 21 pages of pure bliss!

My favourite feature in SMASH! is

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Face the World with a HULKing chest . . . in a T-shirt that can be a YOU-shirt!

Fill in the coupon— and *fill out* your T-Shirt. It is . . .

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- IN EYE-BRUISING HULK COLOUR
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Please send me the Incredible Hulk T-Shirt(s) as described.

Chest Sizes 28, 30, 32 in. Price 6s. 11d
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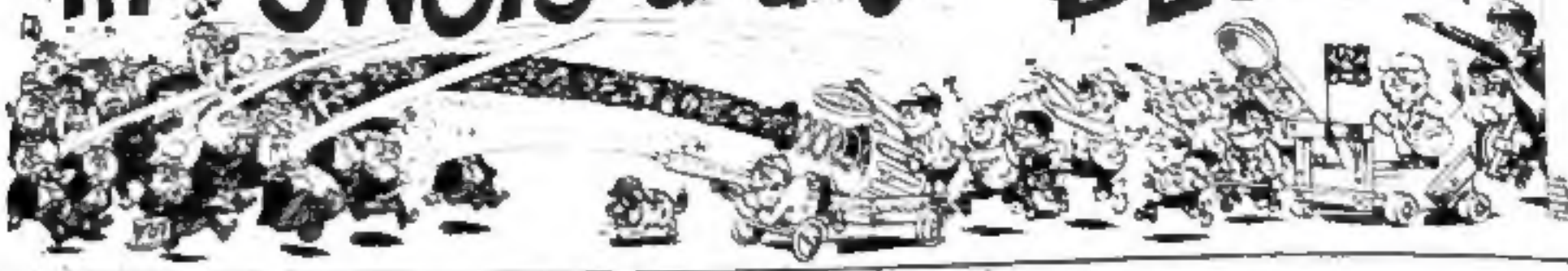
from SMASH, Dept. S.M.1[a], Rochester X, Kent

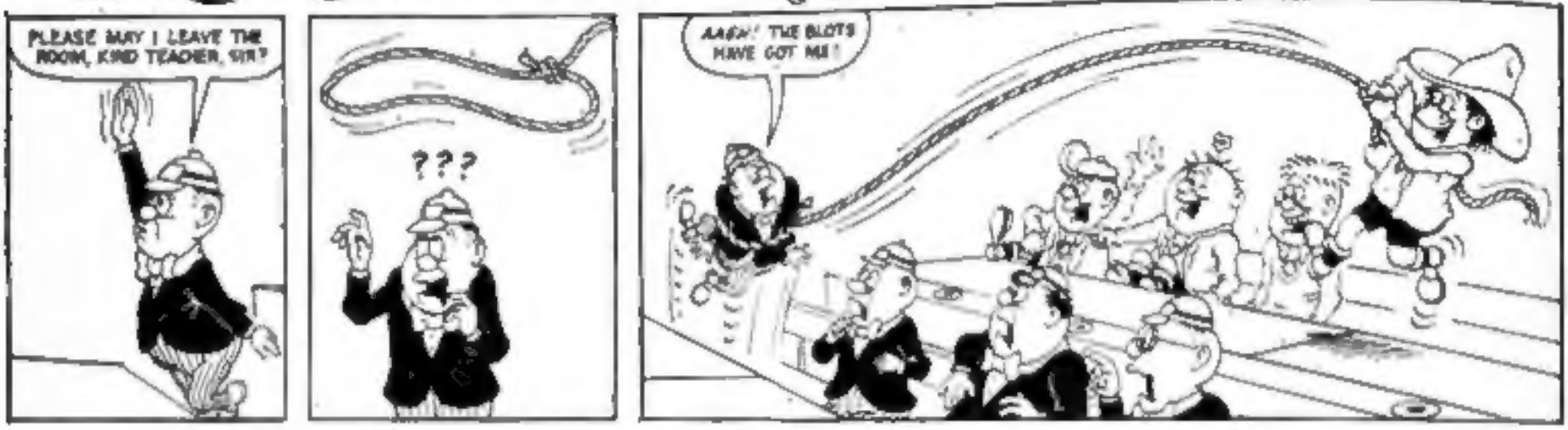
PLEASE CUT NEATLY ALONG BROKEN LINE

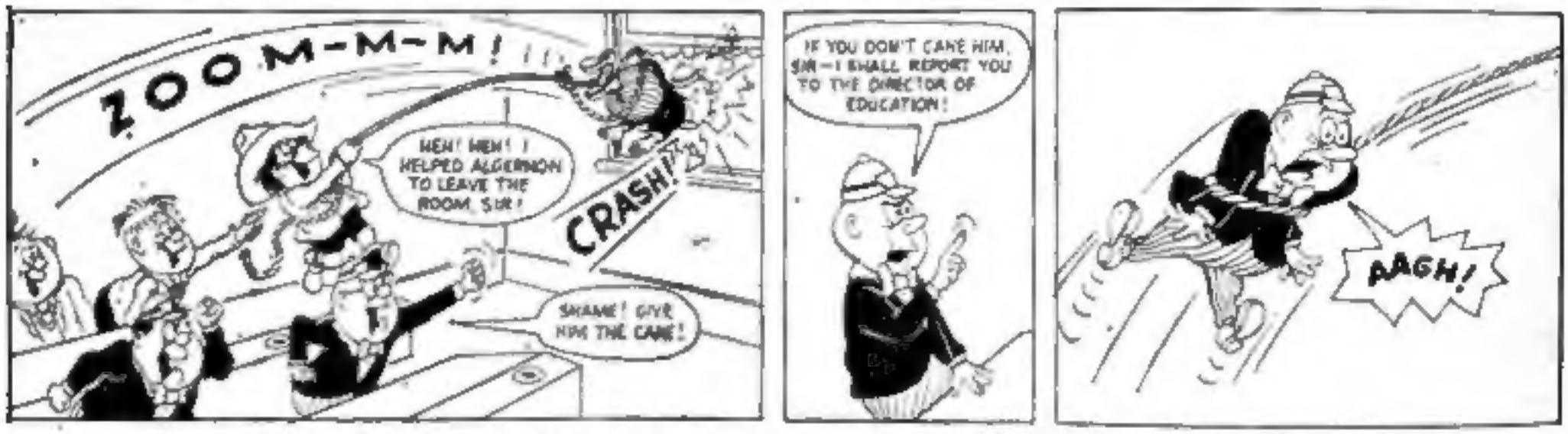
PLEASE CHECK THAT BOTH PARTS OF COUPON ARE COMPLETED.

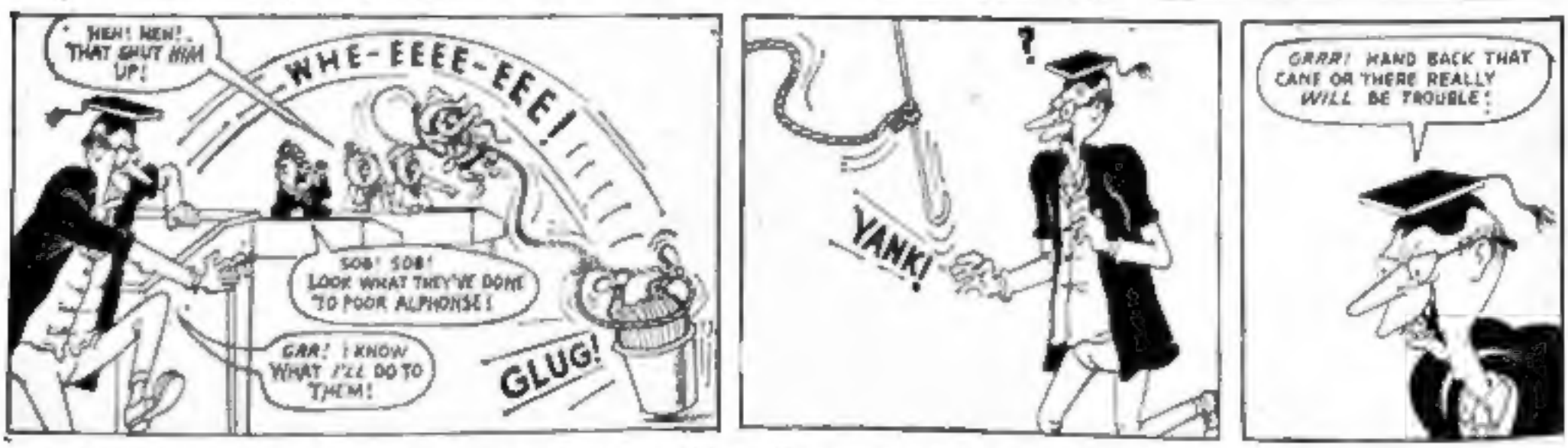
We regret that this offer is not open to readers overseas. Eire readers will be liable for the payment of any Customs or Import Duties which may be levied.

The SWOTS and the BLOTS






ZOOM-M-M!
HEH! HEH! I HELPED ALGERNON TO LEAVE THE ROOM, SIR!
CRASH!
SHAME! GIVE HIM THE CANE!
IF YOU DON'T CANE HIM, SIR—I SHALL REPORT YOU TO THE DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION!
AAGH!


HEH! HEH! THAT SHUT HIM UP!
WHE-EEEE-EEE!
SOB! SOB! LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO POOR ALPHONSE!
GRR! I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO TO THEM!
GLUG!
?
YANK!
GRRR! HAND BACK THAT CANE OR THERE REALLY WILL BE TROUBLE!

I GOT IT, SIR! I GOT IT FROM THOSE NASTY BLOTS!
YAH! ROTTEN LITTLE SNEAK!
WELL DONE, CYRIL! WELL DONE, MY BOY!
RIGHT, THEN—THIS SIX-SHOOTER OF MINE FIRES SIX OF THE BEST! OUT YOU COME, BILLY THE KID!
I KNEW WESTERNS WOULD GET ME INTO TROUBLE!
I DEMAND A TRIAL! YOU MIGHT BE PUNISHING AN INNOCENT MAN! I DEMAND TO SEE MY LAWYER!

NO NO WE'LL BE THE JURY SIR

IVAA AAH PROTEST! IF THEY BE THE JURY BILLY'S DOOMED

ZOOM!

TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE

THEY CAN'T CONVICT HIM WITHOUT THE EVIDENCE! I'LL SWALLOW IT! GULP

OH NO YOU DON'T!

PU-U-LLT

COO! HE MUST HAVE HAD PORRIDGE FOR BREKKERS

POP!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT WE'LL HAVE TO BUST BILLY OUT OF JAIL!

YEAH! YEAH

I'M DOOMED! I'M DOOMED! THAT ROPE'S GOT MY FINGERPRINTS ON IT!

AAGH! A BREAK-OUT, SIR! STOP THEM!

I'M FREE! YIPPEE!

TO THE HILLS! TO THE BLACK HILLS!

THE POSSE WILL NEVER FIND US THERE!

I RECKON THAT MUST BE THE POSSE!

FIND THEM! FIND THEM!

ZOOM-M

HEH! HEH! TEACH ISN'T SO CLEVER! HE'S LEADING THE POSSE OFF IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!

BUTT!

SMT!

SPLUTTER!

BLOK

I'M A HOME HOME ON THE RANGE!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"TO LIVE AGAIN!"

OUR DRAMA-PACKED SOAP OPERA THUS FAR

THE LEADER (A VERY NAUGHTY SUPER SPY) CAPTURED THE HULK

THE ARMY (HEROES ALL) LOCATED THE LEADER'S HIDEOUT AND BROKE IN!

THE HULK (LOVEABLE AS EVER) TURNED INTO BRUCE BANNER AND WAS HIT BY A FATAL BULLET!

ENOUGH! OKAY! LET'S GO!

DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! CHECK FOR BOOBY TRAPS!

EARTH-SHAKING EDITOR'S NOTE

IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING THIS IS A PLASTIC REPLICA OF THE HULK WHICH THE LEADER HAD USED FOR STUDY.

THE LEADER ESCAPED THE PLACE IS DESERTED

A FINE THING! BANNER'S GREATEST INVENTION THE ABSORBATRON - WAS DESTROYED AND THE HULK ESCAPED YOU'RE BATTING ZERO, MAJOR TALBOT!

NOT QUITE GENERAL BOSS BRUCE BANNER IS DEAD! HE'LL NEVER BETRAY HIS COUNTRY AGAIN

HE WAS SHOT WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE

SIR! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! BANNER'S BODY IS GONE!

WHAT?? HOW?

DON'T JUST STAND THERE! LET'S CHECK INTO IT!

MAYBE HE *WASN'T* IF A[illegible] E HE ESCAPED ME A[illegible]

NOT A *CHANCE*, SIR! I EXAMINED HIM MYSELF HE *COULDN'T* HAVE DIED!

FASTER! FASTER! HE CAN'T HAVE GONE *FAR!* SPREAD OUT! SEARCH EVERY *INCH* OF THE PLACE! A DESPERATELY WOUNDED MAN CAN OUTRUN US

BUT BRUCE BANNER IS *NOT* "OUTRUNNING" ANYONE! HIS LIFELESS BODY LIES ON THE SEAT OF A RACING TRUCK SLUMPED NEXT TO A FRANTIC *RICK JONES--!*

THERE'S *STILL* A CHANCE OF SAVING DR. BANNER! I CAN JUST REACH HIS HIDDEN UNDERGROUND LABORATORY IN TIME!

I'VE READ CASES OF MEN WHO RETURNED TO LIFE EVEN THOUGH THEIR HEARTS HAD STOPPED BEATING JUST SO LONG AS TOO MUCH TIME HADN'T PASSED!

BANNER IS REALLY *TWO* MEN! *ONE* OF THEM STOPPED A BULLET! BUT IF I CAN BRING THE *OTHER* BACK TO LIFE

NO ORDINARY REVOLVER BULLET COULD KILL THE *HULK!* IF I CAN TRANSFORM *BANNER* BACK TO THE *HULK* IN TIME PERHAPS HE CAN *LIVE* AGAIN!

EVERY *SECOND* COUNTS! I CAN'T AFFORD ONE MISTAKE! I'VE GOT TO REMEMBER HOW BANNER'S RAY MACHINES OPERATE!

THERE! I'VE DONE ALL I *CAN!* THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT *HOPE!*

AND AS THE TEEN-AGER'S TREMBLING FINGERS RELEASE THE LETHAL CONTROL LEVERS A THOUSAND VOLTS OF GAMMA RAY ENERGY BOMBARD THE STILL FELLER'S FIGURE

UNTIL

A *BREATH!* I HEARD HIM TAKE A *BREATH!*

HE'S *CHANGING!* GROWING *BIGGER!* IT'S *WORKING!* I REACHED HIM IN *TIME--!*

HIS EYES ARE OPENING! HE'S CHANGED INTO THE *HULK!!*

HULK--*WAIT!!* IF IF ONLY I CAN MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND

I *DO* UNDERSTAND RICK! YOU SAVED MY LIFE! THE DEBT BETWEEN US IS *CANCELLED!*

YOUR VOICE!! YOUR *WORDS!!* YOU'VE THE *BODY* OF THE *HULK*--BUT THIS TIME YOUR *BRAIN* IS THE BRAIN OF *BRUCE BANNER!*

YES! AND I REMEMBER EVERYTHING! THE BULLET WHICH IS LODGED WITHIN MY SKULL MUST HAVE AFFECTED MY MIND AND MY BRAIN IS NO LONGER *CLOUDED!*

BUT ONLY THE POWER OF THE *HULK* CAN KEEP ME ALIVE! IF I BECOME BANNER AGAIN THE BULLET WILL CAUSE MY *DEATH* FOREVER!

THEN YOU'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO STOP FROM *CHANGING*! BUT WHAT IF YOU *FAIL*?

I WON'T FAIL MY EGO LIFE DEPENDS UPON *NEVER CHANGING BACK TO BRUCE BANNER!*

AND AS THE *HULK*, NOW GUIDED BY THE BRILLIANT BRAIN OF DR. BRUCE BANNER DESPERATELY BEGINS WORK ON A NEW BIO-CHEMICAL FORMULA WE TURN TO THE MYSTERIOUS SPY MASTER KNOWN AS THE *LEADER*...!

YOU HAVE *FAILED*! YOU PROMISED TO DELIVER THE *ABSORBATRON* TO US!

THE ACCURSED *HULK* RUINED MY PLAN. BUT, I HAVE SOMETHING *EQUALLY* VALUABLE FOR YOU IF YOU WILL PAY MY PRICE

MONEY IS NO OBJECT. WHAT DO YOU HAVE FOR US?

THE ABSORBATRON WAS ONLY A *DEFENSIVE* WEAPON... TO ABSORB THE POWER OF A-BOMBS BUT I HAVE THE GREATEST *OFFENSIVE* WEAPON EVER CREATED

IT WILL COST YOU ONE *BILLION* DOLLARS

FIRST *PROVE* ITS WORTH BY USING IT TO DESTROY THE SOVIET *MISSILE BASE* AND THE MONEY SHALL BE YOURS.

CONSIDER IT *DONE!*

A SHORT TIME LATER AT THE EDGE OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST DESERT COUNTRY

ONCE I HAVE THEIR BILLION DOLLARS, I'LL ATTACK *THEM* AS WELL AS THE AMERICANS! I'LL NEVER REST TILL ALL THE WORLD BOWS DOWN TO THE SUPER INTELLIGENCE OF THE *LEADER!*

NOW, ALL I NEED DO IS FIRE ONE BURST OF ELECTRON PARTICLES INTO THAT PLASTIC MEMBRANOUS COVERING TO RELEASE MY "*WEAPON*"...!

MY GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT--A FIVE-HUNDRED FOOT HIGH *HUMANOID*--THE STRONGEST ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION ON EARTH!!

AND, BEST OF ALL HE IS COMPLETELY, UNALTERABLY SUBJECT TO *MY* EVERY COMMAND!

YOUR FIRST TASK IS TO UTTERLY *DESTROY* THE MISSILE BASE IN THE VALLEY BEYOND! NOW *GO!*

WALK RIGHT *THROUGH* THE MOUNTAIN!! NOTHING CAN *STOP* YOU!

ARMY PATROL PLANES THEY'VE *SIGHTED* HIM! THEY'RE SURE TO *ATTACK!*

HOMING PIGEON TO EAGLES ROOST! HAVE SIGHTED GIANT SOMETHING OR OTHER ADVANCING TOWARDS BASE! FROM NIGHTMARESVILLE!

AM ATTACKING WITH ROCKETS! BETTER SEND DETAIL TO PICK UP PIECES! OVER!

A SHORT TIME LATER AN INCREDIBLE, GREEN-SKINNED FIGURE SILENTLY LEAPS INTO THE CENTRE OF THE MISSILE BASE PROPELLED BY THE STRONGEST LEG MUSCLES OF ANY MORTAL

IF MY CALCULATIONS WERE CORRECT THE PITTION I DRANK WILL ENABLE ME TO *REMAIN* IN THE SHAPE OF THE *HULK* FOR A FULL FORTY EIGHT HOURS!

BUT I'LL HAVE TO *RENEW* THE DOSAGE EVERY TWO DAYS IN ORDER TO REMAIN ALIVE!

AND, IF I'M DESTINED TO LIVE OUT THE REST OF MY LIFE AS THE *HULK*, I'VE GOT TO SEE THE GIRL I LOVE ONCE MORE - JUST TO GAZE AT HER BEAUTY - BEFORE I LEAVE HER *FOREVER!*

YOU SAY BRUCE BANNER IS *DEAD!* OH *NO!* IT+ IT *CAN'T* BE !!

YOU MUST ACCEPT IT BETTY LEARN TO *FORGET* HIM! HE WAS A *TRAITOR* NOT WORTHY OF YOUR LOVE!

PERHAPS ALTHOUGH IT BREAKS MY HEART - PERHAPS IT'S BEST THAT SHE *BELIEVES* I WAS A TRAITOR. PERHAPS IT WILL EASE THE PAIN OF OUR NEVER SEEING EACH OTHER AGAIN!

LET *ME* TAKE HIS PLACE MY DEAREST IN TIME YOU'LL REALIZE THAT WE WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER!

I - I *LOVED* HIM SO! NO MATTER WHAT ANYONE EVER SAYS ABOUT HIM - I LOVED HIM!

I'LL *NEVER* BELIEVE HE WAS A TRAITOR! I KNOW HE HAD SOME TRAGIC SECRET WHICH TORMENTED HIM -- BUT HE WASN'T A TRAITOR HE *WASN'T!*

CONFOUNDED PHONE!! I *TOLD* THEM I WASN'T TO BE DISTURBED - EXCEPT IN A CASE OF THE MOST EXTREME EMERGENCY!

WHAT CAN IT *BE??*

GOODBYE MY DARLING! BLESS YOU FOR YOUR TRUST.

RINNNG

WHAT??! SOME SORT OF MONSTROUS CREATURE HEADING FOR THE BASE!! IS IT ? OH IT *ISN'T* THE HULK! *FIVE HUNDRED FEET HIGH!* IN THE PLANE'S ROCKETS CAN'T *STOP* IT??

ALERT ALL SECURITY DETAILS! I'LL REPORT TO GENERAL ROSS AT *ONCE!*

EVEN AS THE START ED MAJOR GLEN TALBOT SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE THE *LEADER'S* GIGANTIC HUMANOID HAVING SHRUGGED OFF THE FIGHTER PLANE'S ROCKET ATTACK STRIDES EVER CLOSER TO THE NEARBY BASE!

OUR SHELLS DON'T *STOP* HIM! IT'S GONNA TAKE *MISSILES* TO MAKE A DENT IN *THAT!*

EVERYBODY *BACK* ON THE DOUBLE! CLEAR THE AREA! WE'VE CALLED FOR A *MISSILE ATTACK!*

THEY BETTER LAUNCH 'EM *FAST!* THIS IS LIKE TRYIN TO TOPPLE A *MOUNTAIN* WITH SPITBALLS!

MINUTES LATER AS SOON AS THE OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN HAVE TAKEN SHELTER A COMPLEX OF SILOS OPEN SMOOTHLY!

AS AN INTERMEDIATE RANGE SMALL CALIBRE MISSILE IS FIRED AT THE APPROACHING GOLIATH-

MISSILE DEAD ON TARGET ALL UNITS STAND BY FOR IMPACT

WAIT! WHAT'S *THAT?* SOMETHING HURTLING ACROSS THE AIR TOWARDS THE MONSTER IT LOOKS LIKE A HUMAN FIGURE

IT'S THE *HULK!* HE STRIKES THE MISSILE SIDEWAYS - DEFLECTING IT!

HE MISSED THE WAR HEAD'S *PRIMER CAP* - SO IT DIDN'T EXPLODE

THUD

I TRIED TO *HELP!* I DIDN'T SEE THE MISSILE UNTIL TOO LATE -- COULDN'T STOP!

IT *CAUGHT* ME!! I'M LIKE AN *INSECT* IN ITS GARGANTUAN HAND!!

BUT NO INSECT *ANYWHERE* EVER HAD THE *STRENGTH* OF THE *HULK!!*

EVEN THOUGH HE'S SQUEEZING HIS HAND- PUTTING THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OF *PRESSURE* ON ME!

I CAN PUT PRESSURE ON, *TOO!* AND THE *MADDER* I GET THE *STRONGER* I GET!!

THWUPPP!

I *DID* IT! I *FORCED* HIM TO OPEN HIS FINGERS!

BUT WE GOTTA GET *BACK* TO HIM! IF I CAN'T STOP HIM *NOBODY* CAN!

BUT A SUDDEN *SHELL BLAST* UNEXPECTEDLY CHANGES THE HULK'S BATTLE PLAN...

KOOM!

THE *HULK* MUST BE IN *LEAGUE* WITH THAT MONSTER! OUR MISSILE WOULD HAVE *HIT* HIM IF THAT GREEN SKINNED GARGOYLE HADN'T *DEFLECTED* IT! BUT *THAT'LL* SLOW THE HULK DOWN NOW!

WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY MORE CHANCES! FIRE ALL MISSILES POINT BLANK RANGE!

IF *THEY* DON'T DO THE TRICK, WE'LL HAVE TO USE THE *SUNDAY PUNCH* SUPER ROCKET!

YES, SIR, GENERAL ROSS!

THAT THING WAS BUILT TO BE *UNSTOPPABLE!* I DON'T THINK *MISSILES* ARE THE ANSWER!

WELL WE'LL SOON FIND OUT, MAJOR! THERE THEY GO!!

PERFECT! EVERY ONE STRUCK RIGHT ON TARGET!

--WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO REDUCE A FLEET OF *BATTLESHIPS* TO ASHES!

MEANTIME THE MOST POWERFUL MORTAL TO STRIDE THE EARTH GATHERS HIS STRENGTH ANEW AS THE VERY GROUND BENEATH HIS FEET TREMBLES FROM THE FORCE OF THE TITANIC EXPLOSIONS!

WHY DID THEY *FIRE* AT ME?! I WAS TRYING TO *HELP* THEM!

THOSE MISSILES STAGGERED THE HUMANOID BUT HE'S GETTING UP! HE'S STILL UNHARMED!

IT'S UP TO ME AGAIN! I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO STOP HIM MEETING FORCE WITH FORCE"

FIRST, I'LL SLAM DITO HIM WITH ALL MY MIGHT- JUST TO GET IT OUT OF MY SYSTEM!!

I DID IT! HE'S FALLING BACK!

HE'S NOT HURT YET! IF I CAN KEEP HIM OFF-BALANCE LONG ENOUGH

BUT BEFORE THE HULK CAN LEAP UP TO RENEW HIS ATTACK

ORDER ALL PERSONNEL TO EVACUATE THE AREA WE CAN'T LET THAT WALKING NIGHTMARE GET ANY CLOSER!

OUR SUNDAY PUNCH SUPER-MISSILE WILL DISINTEGRATE ANY TARGET IN EXISTENCE! PREPARE FOR COUNTDOWN

SUNDAY PUNCH MISSILE FAILED!!

ATTENTION ALL UNITS! TAKE [illegible] SIGNED POSITIONS [illegible] GUN DOWN & [illegible] TO BLOW

SPEED IT UP, MAJOR! IF WE HURRY WE MIGHT GET THE HUMANOID AND THE HULK WITH THE SAME MISSILE

BUT ONE LONE FIGURE DOES NOT TAKE COVER!

THE HULK DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE SUPER-MISSILE! IT'LL BLOW HIM TO SMITHEREENS.

I'VE GOT TO WARN HIM BEFORE THE COUNT-DOWN ENDS!

HULK! HULK! COME BACK! YOU'VE GOT TO HEAR ME - YOU'VE GOT TO--!!

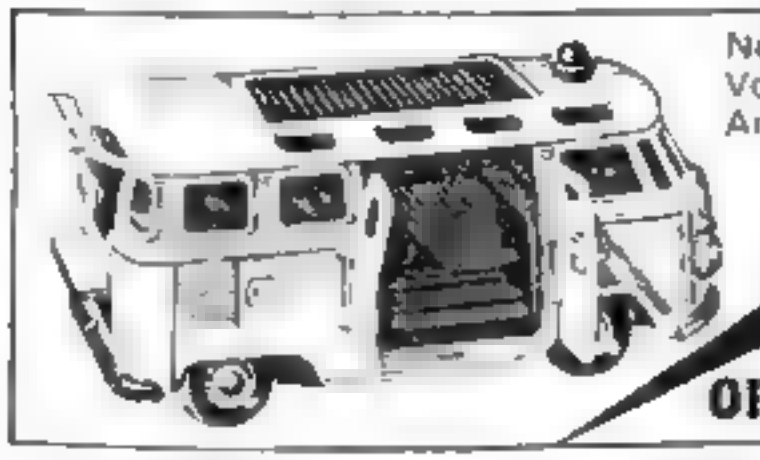
THE EPISODE YOU'VE JUST READ IS A SLEEPY-TIME LULLABY COMPARED TO THE SIZZLER THAT AWAITS YOU NEXT ISH! SO DON'T MISS IT! IT'S A DOOZY!

Here's the first 1967 Impy

Impy Super Cars have EVERYTHING!

Impy Super Cars have ALL these features

Die cast metal models ★ Opening doors ★ Opening bonnet ★ Windows seats and steering wheels ★ Suspension ★ Swivelled hubs ★ Axle Steering ★ Non-scratch tyres ★ Jewelled headlights ★ Engines



No 20 Volkswagen Ambulance

only 3/-

LONE ★ STAR ROADMASTER

Impy SUPER CARS

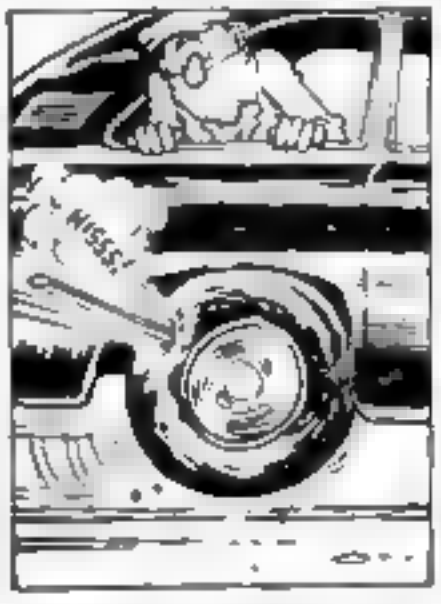
That will be a great set for IMPY'S There will be a new one added every month.

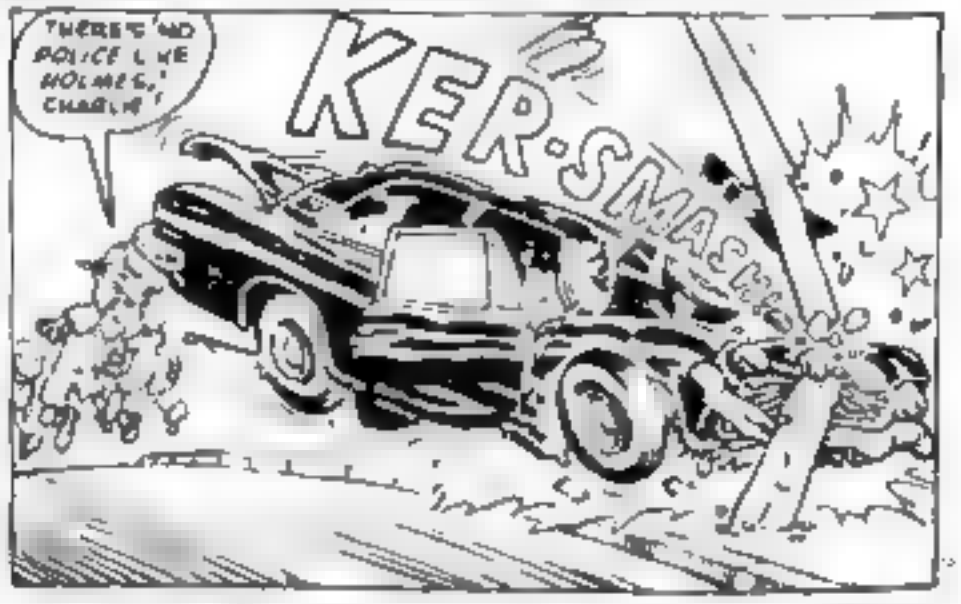
Fiat 2300S Coupe
Alfa Romeo Giulia Spider
Foden Tilt Cab Truck
Payloader Tractor

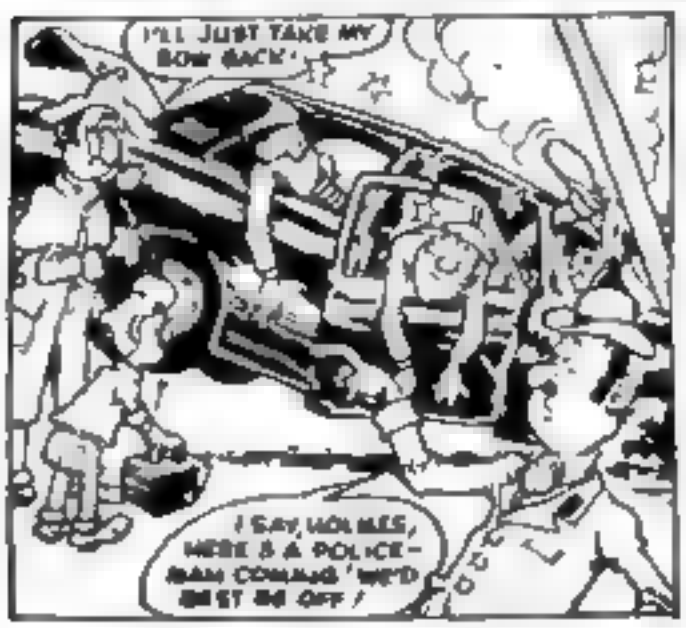
Watch out for them!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE





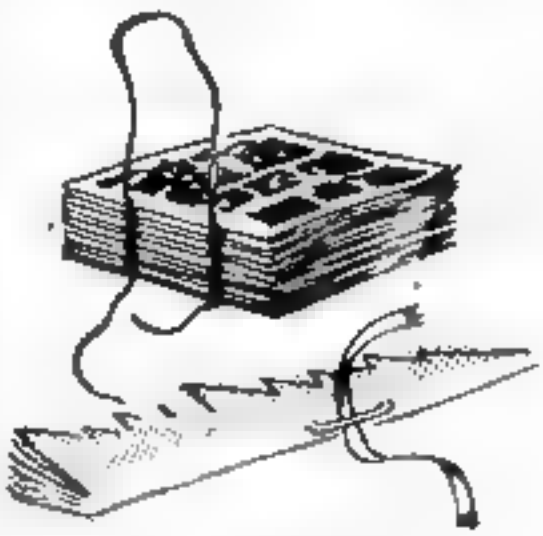


MEET... Mister Knowall

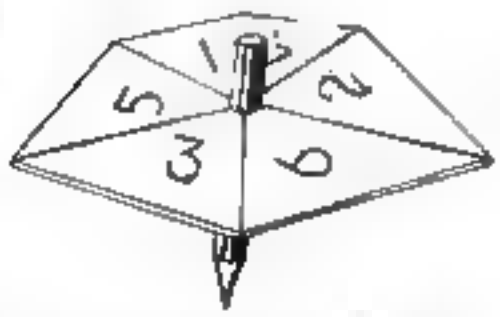
He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

BACK copies of your Power Comics are fast becoming highly prized collectors items. So here is a tip that will help you to keep their golden pages in 'Mint' condition.

Lay your collection together in order with the latest copies on top and thread a very thin length of tape through the wire clips that hold the pages together. Tie the ends of the tape in a bow so that they can be easily undone to add your next copy. Don't thank me, it's all part of the service.



NO DICE?



Have you ever got all ready to play with one of your indoor games, only to find that you've lost the dice?

You have? Well, don't worry—it happens to everyone. But here's a quick way to get round the problem in future . . .

Cut a circle of card about 6" diameter—and divide it into six. Cut a straight edge to each division and mark them as shown in the drawing.

Carefully push a pencil through the centre, and you are all set to spin it for your luck.

The division that comes to rest on the table after each spin gives the score.

MAGIC WHISTLE!

You can use any old stick as a magic wand to perform this trick.

Hang a whistle by string to one end, and the whistle will answer "YES" or "NO" to questions put to it by your audience—one "pheep" for "Yes," two for "No."

How does it work?

Simple . . . you have another whistle in your pocket with a rubber bulb over the mouthpiece. You perform the trick with your hand in your pocket, pressing the bulb to make the "pheeps"!

Incidentally, if you can't get a rubber bulb, try using a small plastic bottle instead.

PICK OF THE PACK

Ask anyone to pick any card from the pack and to secretly memorise it . . .

Cut the pack and tell your victim to replace his card without showing you what it is.

Now you shuffle the cards, then turn them up one at a time until you arrive at the chosen card!

How did you know it was the card he picked?

Simple. When you cut the pack, you memorise the bottom card of the pile you lift off which will, of course, go on top of the card your victim replaces.

So when you turn the cards up after a light shuffle, the chosen card will follow the one you memorised.

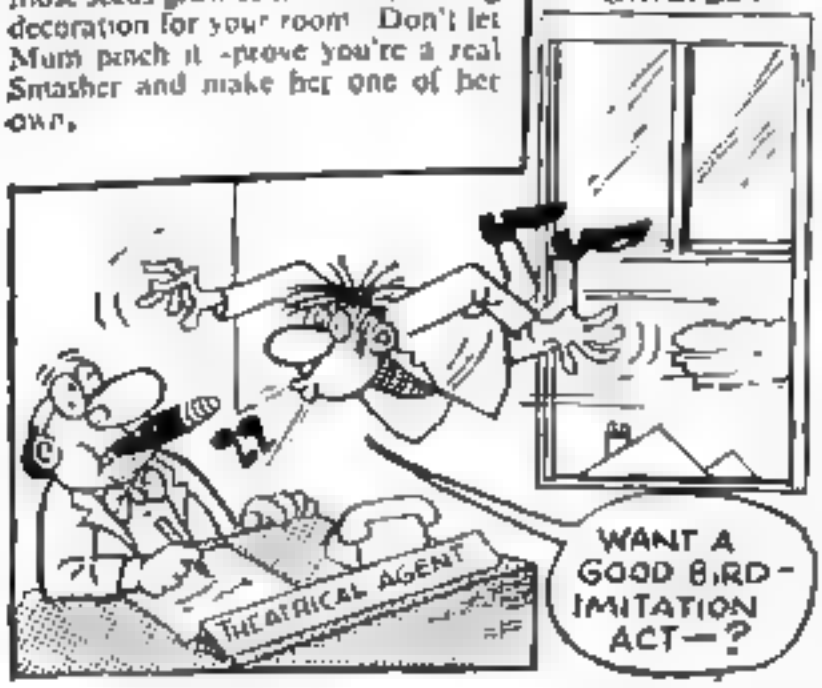
GROW IT YOURSELF!

If you go down to the woods today, I doubt if you'll come across any bears, but you're in for a big surprise if you find yourself a pinecone.

Take it home and keep it in a warm place for a few days until it opens out. Then stand it in a saucer, keeping it in place with lots of damp moss.

Fill the openings in the cone with soil, and sprinkle bird seed or grass seed into them.

Keep the soil moist—and watch those seeds grow to make a smashing decoration for your room. Don't let Mum pinch it—prove you're a real Smasher and make her one of her own.



CARTOON FROM JACK ROBERTS, BRISTOL.

YOU are all sitting with your family round the fire. Suddenly you throw a piece of paper into the fire . . . AND IT WILL NOT BURN. Magic? No! You prepared this eyebrow-raiser in advance. Here's how. . . .

MIX as much washing soda as can be made to dissolve in a cup of water. Soak a piece of paper in the solution and allow it to dry—and there you are, FIREPROOF PAPER!

But take a Knowall's advice and don't perform this trick unless an adult is there.

QUESTION TIME

Okay, you Knowalls—what was the Prime Minister's name in 1923? If you don't know, ask your Dad and if he doesn't know, look at the answer below.

?¡

Answer HAROLD WILSON. It's true, Knowalls, Prime Minister Wilson's name was exactly the same in 1923 as it is now!

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

The Feature I don't like is:

My age is:

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH!,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LOOK!

FREE SETS OF 6 MODEL DOGS FROM *Kellogg's*

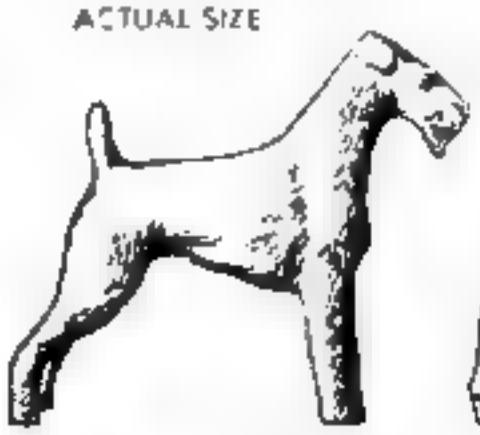
SCOTTISH TERRIER

SMOOTH HAIRED DACHSHUND

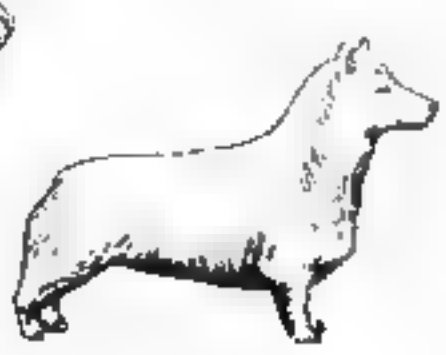
COCKER SPANIEL

ACTUAL SIZE

MINIATURE POODLE



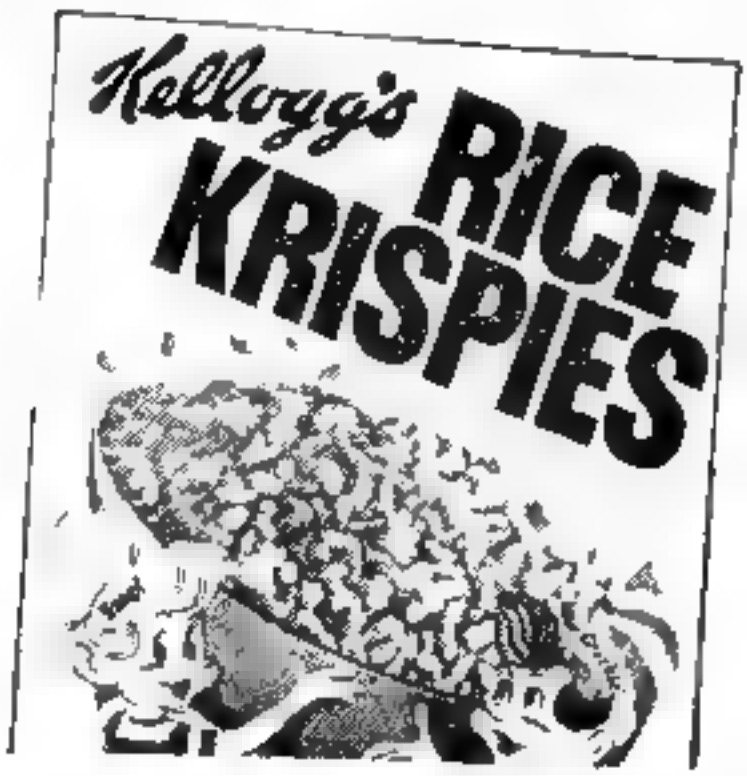
WIRE HAIRED FOX TERRIER



PEMBROKE CORGI

"CHAMPION SHOW DOGS"

Hurry! These six lifelike models in tan, white or black plastic have been styled from actual show winners. You'll find full details of how to claim your free set of six model dogs on the back of the Kellogg's Rice Krispies packets with the special flash.

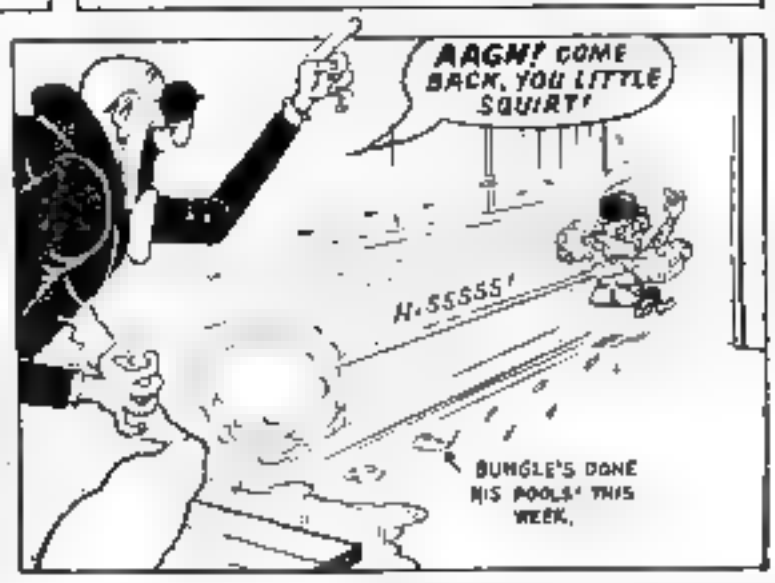


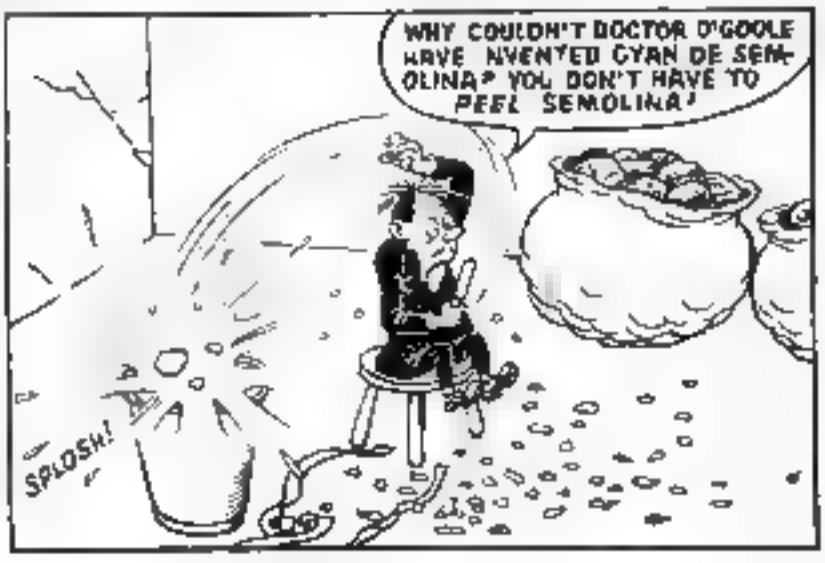
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

THE MAN FROM BUNGLE HAS ESCAPED FROM DOCTOR O GOOLE'S IRISH CASTLE BUT NOW FINDS HIMSELF IN A SHAM ROCK, QUICKLY BEING FILLED UP BY PADDY McGINTY'S HOME MADE WHISKEY! UGH!
NEK! NEK! OLD O GOOLE SURELY WON'T GRUDGE ONE OF THE LADS A SHAM' ROCK TO KEEP HIS WH SKEY N!
GLUG! GROOH! GLUG!

McGINTY, YOU THIEVING RASCAL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING W TH THAT ROCK? WE NEED EVERY ONE!
ER SURE NOW ER— I JUST BROUGHT IT DOWN TO SHOW THE WIFE HOW INGENIOUS YOU WERE, ME LAD!
KICK!

YOU'RE A LIAR AND A ROGUE, McGINTY— BUT I'LL LET YOU OFF THIS TIME!
LUCKY I BROUGHT MY WATER WINGS, BUT I CAN'T KEEP UP THIS BREAST STROKE MUCH LONGER!





I MEAN, WHAT'S WRONG WITH FISH AND SEMOLINA?

???

G GULP! THIS IS NO SPUD — SPUDS HAVE EYES — NOT ARMS!

SUFFERING SPUDS! IT'S THE MAN FROM BUNGLE!

ER- HELLO AGAIN!

YOU MUST BE AN 'IDIOT WORKING LIKE THIS — JOIN MY SPY CLUB!

WHO? ME?

YEAH! THIS IS MY SPY-CLUB! YOU CAN JOIN IT NOW YOUR HEAD'S SPLIT IT!

ROTTEN!

SPLAT!

NOW NOBODY CAN STOP ME FROM DESTROYING DOCTOR GOOLE'S FIENDISH FISSION CHIP MACHINE THE WORLD WILL BE IN MY DEBT!

GRRR! WHERE'S THAT ROTTEN BUNGLE?

DAZE

TRY THAT FOR SIZE BIGHEAD!

CLANG!

(BUNGLE'S HEAD HIT THE BUCKET!)

WAR-AH! NOW I'VE GOT TO CLEAN UP ALL THIS MESS AS WELL!

OUT COLD!

WAR-AH! WAIL!

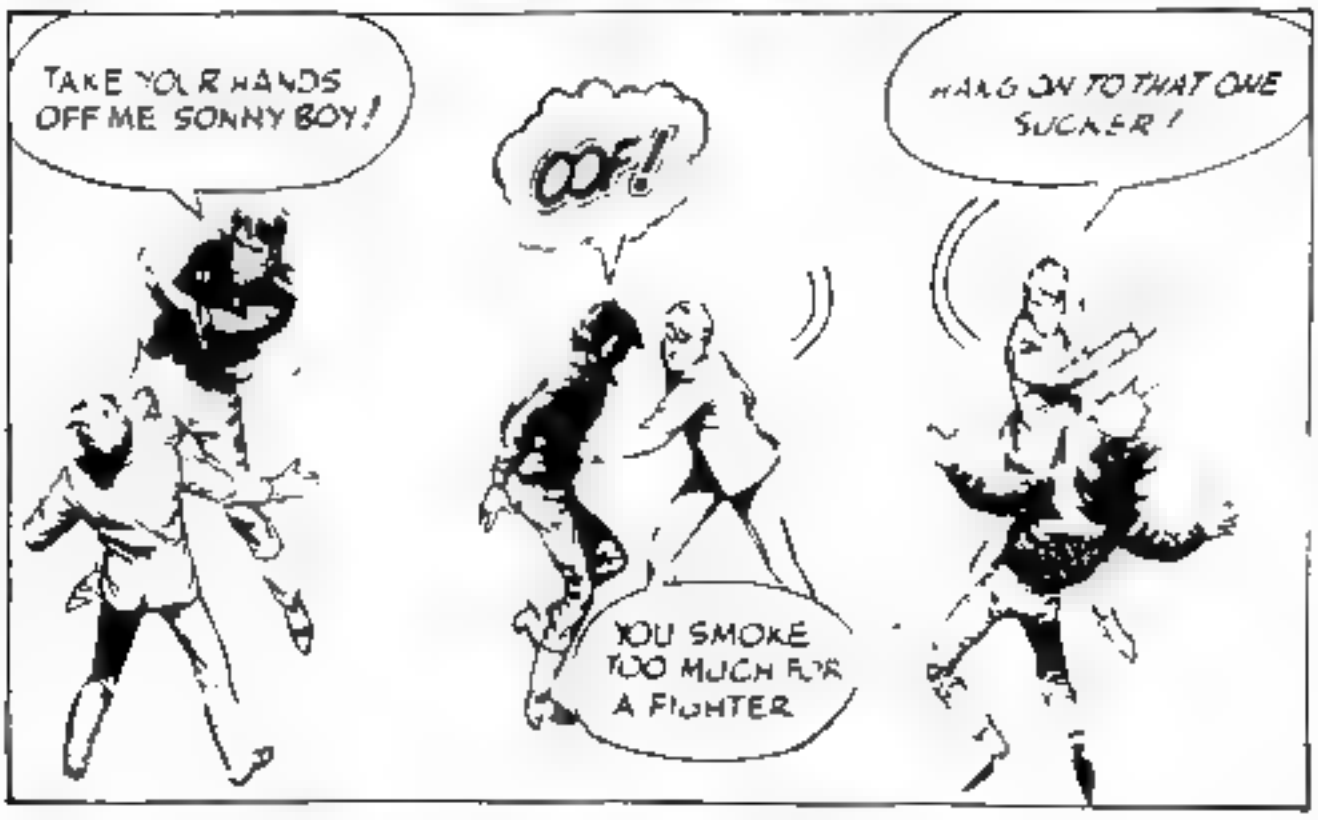
PHEW! SHORTY'S TEAR'S HAVE BROUGHT ME ROUND! I MUST DESTROY THE FISSION CHIP MACHINE!

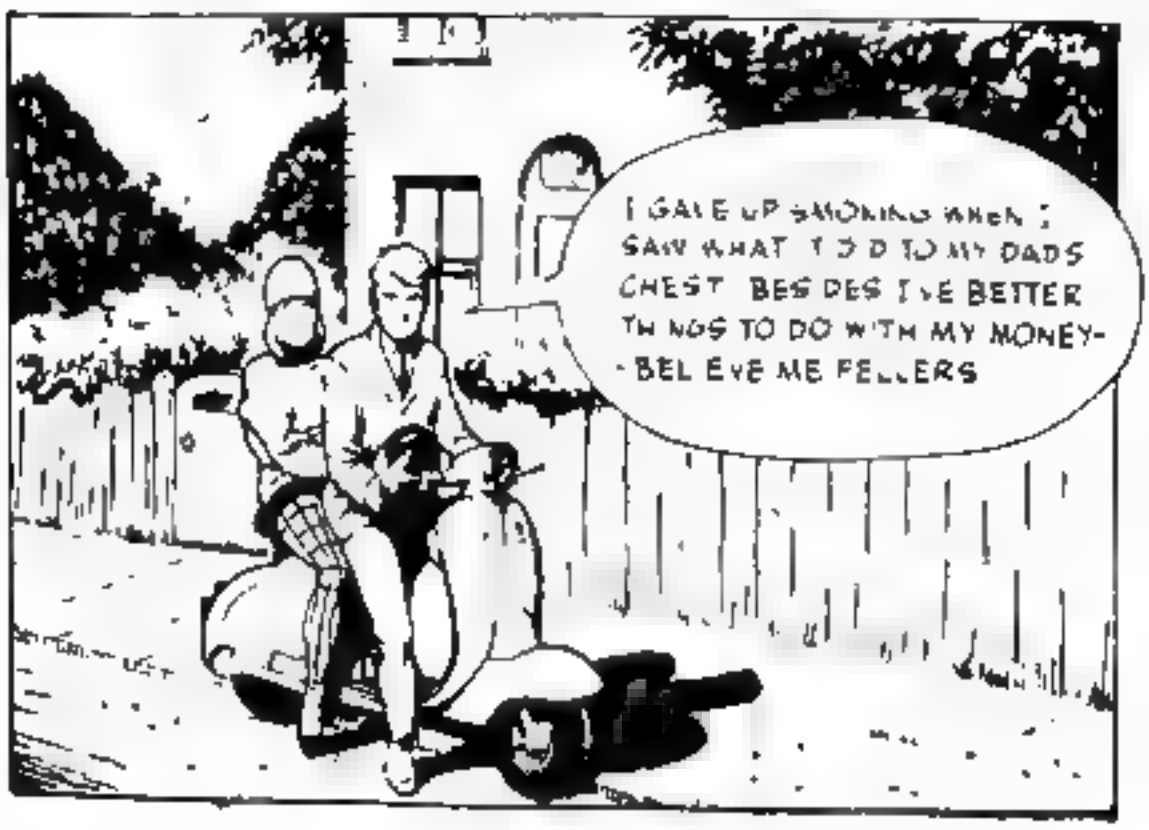
GRRR! FOLLOW ME, LADDIES! BUNGLE MUST NOT ESCAPE!

CLUMSY CLUMP!

WILL THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. SMASH THE MACHINE, OR WILL DOCTOR GOOLE'S GANG SMASH BUNGLE — OR BOTH? SEE SMASH NEXT WEEK!

A shock for Bully Brown





Cigarettes harm your health

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THIS THE LEGEND TESTERS ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS HAVE FOUND THEMSELVES IN A LAND IN WHICH THE ANIMALS APPEAR TO BE THE RULERS! WE JOIN THEM AS THEY ARE BEING TAKEN TO MEET **THE KING OF THE BEASTS!**

I RECKON IT WOULD TAKE FIVE YEARS OF MY SALARY TO PAY THE RENT OF THIS PLACE FOR JUST TWO HOURS

MARBLE PILLARS METAL WORK OF SOLID GOLD

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE HEADED FOR WHATEVER'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THOSE DOORS AHEAD!

THEY PASS THROUGH THE DOORS – TO FIND THEMSELVES IN THE THRONE ROOM ITSELF

WHOW-EEE!

HE SPANS RESTING ON THE INTRICATELY WORKED SOLID GOLD OF HIS GREAT THRONE SITS **THE KING OF THE BEASTS!**

YOUR MOST EXALTED HIGHNESS THESE ARE THE TWO HUMANS WHO SHOWED SUCH BRAVERY IN THE ARENA TO DAY

THEY ARE FINE SPECIMENS BECAUSE OF THAT AND BECAUSE OF THE COURAGE THEY SHOWED THEY SHALL REMAIN IN THE PALACE AS MY PETS IN THE SAME WAY AS DEGO HERE!

PETS NO MORE I'D RATHER TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ANY

HOLD IT DANNY DON'T BE A FOOL!

DON'T YOU SEE DUE TO SOME FREAK OF EVOLUTION THE ANIMALS ARE BLESSED WITH A *HIGH* INTELLIGENCE, AND ARE THE MASTERS HERE! THE HUMANS ARE A LOWER ORDER!

LIKE THE ONES WE FOUGHT IN THE ARENA – AND LIKE THAT FELLOW THE MONKEY KING ADDRESSED AS 'DEGO'

COME ALONG COME ALONG

HE'S TALKING TO US AS IF WE'RE DUMB ANIMALS

THAT'S WHAT WE ARE TO HIM BUT NONE OF THEM SUSPECTS THAT WE UNDERSTAND THIS ANCIENT AZTEC TONGUE WHICH THEY USE! WE'LL KEEP THAT SO OURSELVES UNTIL WE DECIDE THAT IT'S SAFE TO REVEAL THAT WE ARE AS INTELLIGENT AS THEY ARE!

THE MONKEY LEADS THEM INTO A SMALLER CHAMBER...

THESE ARE CLOTHES THAT HE'S GIVING US!

HE WANTS US TO PUT THEM ON! SO WE'LL PLAY ALONG!

THE MONKEY LEAVES THEM WHILST THEY CHANGE THEIR CLOTHING...

SAY! THESE AREN'T BAD! HOW DO I LOOK?

LIKE SOMEONE OUT OF THE CHORUS OF A MUSICAL SHOW OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS!

BUT FROM BEHIND THE HEAVY CURTAINS A PAIR OF EYES WATCH THE TWO LEGEND TESTERS — THE JEALOUS, MALEVOLENT EYES OF DEGO, FAVOURITE PET OF THE KING OF THE BEASTS!

DEGO WAS KING'S ONLY PET! NOW THESE TWO COME!

A SOLID GOLD POT CRASHES THROUGH THE AIR!

WHAT—?

IT'S DEGO! THE KING'S PET!

HE'S WRECKING THE ROOM! IS HE MAD?

NO! I THINK I UNDERSTAND! HE'S SUFFERING FROM NOTHING MORE THAN A SEVERE ATTACK OF *JEALOUS RAGE!* WE'RE THE KING'S *NEW PETS* — AND DEGO LOOKS UPON US AS *RIVALS!*

WITHIN SECONDS THE CHAMBER IS A SCENE OF UTTER DESTRUCTION... AND WITH ONE FINAL HISS OF HATE DEGO IS DONE!

WE'VE GOT MORE VISITORS NOW!

CAN'T MAKE OUT WHO IT IS!

THEN THEY SEE THE KING OF THE BEASTS, AND THE BIG MONKEY'S EYES GLOW WITH ANGER AS HE SURVEYS THE WRECKAGE...

SO! THEY DO NOT RESPOND TO KINDNESS! TAKE THEM AWAY AND PLACE THEM WHERE THEY CAN DO NO MORE HARM!

AS YOU SAY, YOUR MAJESTIC HIGHNESS! WE SHALL DEAL WITH THEM!

HEY! DON'T PULL THAT ARM OFF — I MIGHT NEED IT SOME TIME!

TAKE IT EASY, DANNY! WE COULD HANDLE THE MONKEYS — BUT WE CAN'T FIGHT THESE *JAGUAR GUARDS!* WE'VE JUST GOT TO SUBMIT TO THEM!

THEY ARE TAKEN TO A SMALL STONE-WALLED YARD...

THEY'RE LOCKING THESE METAL COLLARS AROUND OUR NECKS!

AND NOT UNTIL ROLLO AND DANNY ARE SECURE DO THE ANIMALS DEPART!

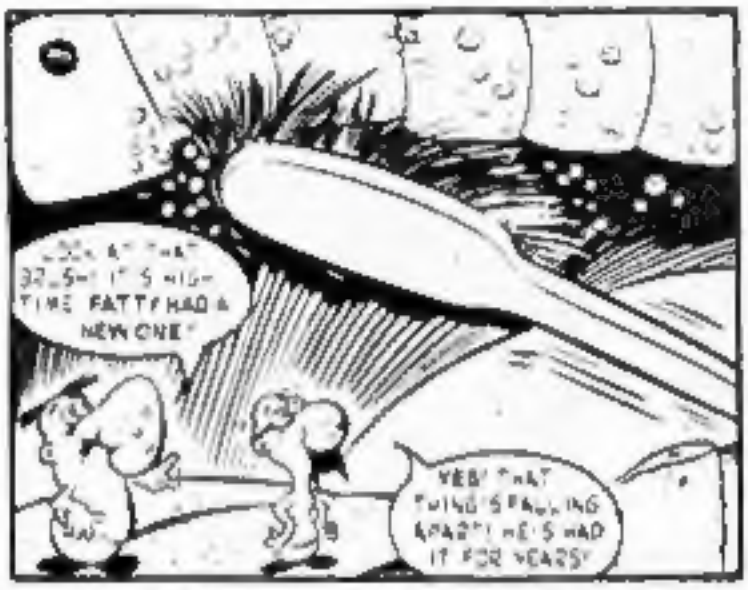
WE'RE CHAINED TO THIS WALL LIKE *HELPLESS DOGS!*

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE ARE TO THEM, DANNY! IN JUST THE SAME WAY THAT *MEN* THINK OF *DOGS*, SO THESE CREATURES THINK OF US!

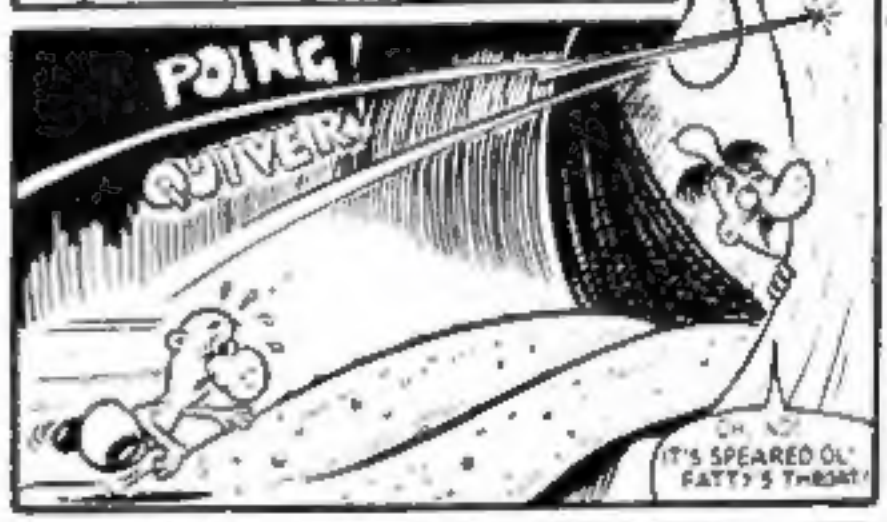
WHAT PUNISHMENT CAN THE LEGEND TESTERS EXPECT FROM THE MERCILESS INTELLIGENCE OF AN *ANIMAL*? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S SENSATIONAL ISH!

THE NERVS

SCRUB! SCRUB! SCRUB!


YEB! THAT TWIND'S FALLING APART! HE'S HAD IT FOR YEARS!

ZOOM!
DUCK LADS!


POING!
QUIVER!
OH IT'S SPEARED OL' FATTY'S THROAT!

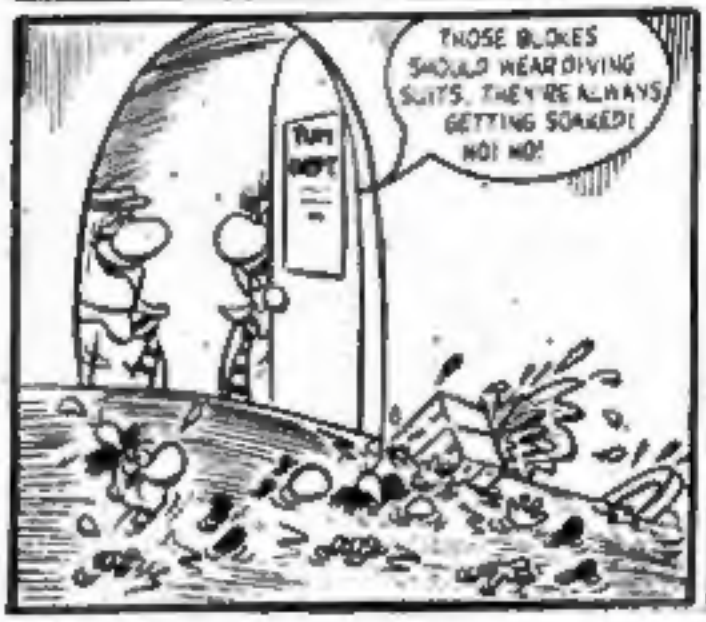
AAGH! GASP! A HAIR'S COME OUT OF MY BRUSH AND STUCK IN MY THROAT! GASP! GASP!
I'M NOT SURPRISED THAT OLD BRUSH IS COMING APART!

I'LL SEE IF A DRINK WILL SHIFT IT!

IT'S COMING LADS! HEAVE! HEAVE!
YO-HO! HEAVE HO!

AAGH!
HELP! THE BIG FAT THERP! HE'S ALWAYS DOING THIS!
HIM AND HIS BLINKING WATER CURES!

CHEST DEP?
HELP! HELP!
NO! NO! POOR OLD TONSIL NERVES! FATTY'S FLOODED THEM OUT AGAIN!


THOSE BLOKES SHOULD WEAR DIVING SUITS. THEY'RE ALWAYS GETTING SOAKED! NO! NO!

FOOT DRAINAGE
FOOT ROOM
WELL! WELL! LOOK WHO'S HERE! ENJOY YOUR TRIP?
GRR! FUNNY GUY! NOW WE'VE GOT TO GO ALL THE WAY BACK! BUT WE'RE NOT WALKING!

TAXI!

SORRY, LADS! URGENT BUSINESS! I'VE GOT TO TAKE SOME GRUB FROM THE STOMACH DEPARTMENT TO THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT. FOOD FOR THOUGHT, YOU MIGHT SAY!

WHOOSH!

BIG, FAT TWERP! HOW DOES HE EXPECT TO GET THAT BRISTLE OUT OF HIS TONSILS IF HE KEEPS THROWING WATER AT US? WE'RE STRANDED, LADS!

THAT DRINK DIDN'T DO THE TRICK. THAT BRISTLE'S STILL STUCK IN MY THROAT. I'LL HAVE TO TRY AGAIN!

GLUG!

RIDING ALONG ON A CREST OF A WAVE!

AAGH!

HELP!

AHA! LOOK WHO'S COMING BACK! IT'S TED THE TAXI MAN!

HO! HO! GOOD OLD FATTY! HE MUST'VE TAKEN ANOTHER DRINK!

HEH! HEH! WE'LL HAVE THIS IN A VERY MUCH!

AAGH! HELP! HELP!

HEH! HEH! SOON BE THERE NOW!

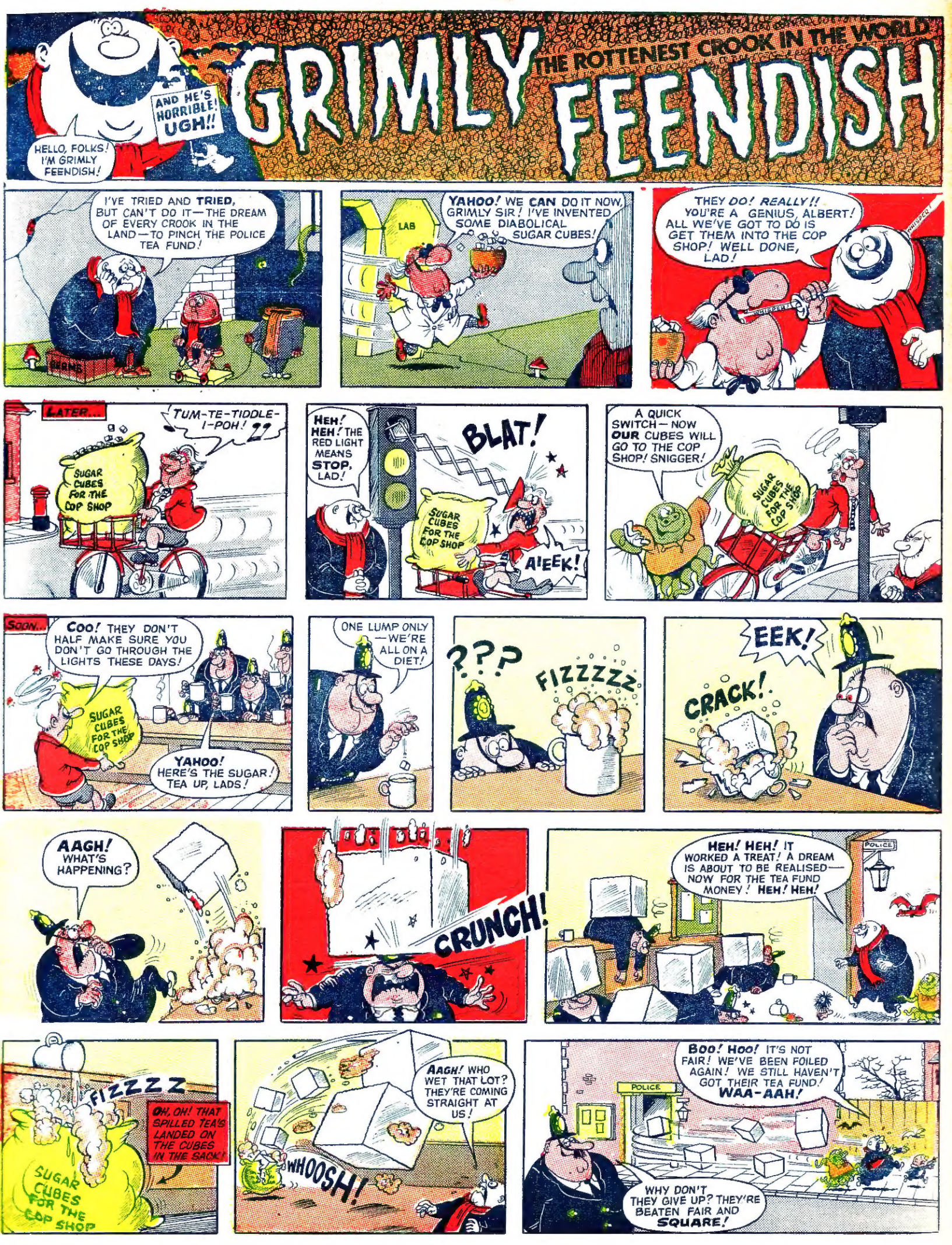
THIS IS THE WAY TO TRAVEL!

FATTY'S TONSILS

PLOP!

THAT'S THE IDEA, LADS. I'VE USED THE TAXI TO PULL OUT THE BRISTLE! MAYBE FATTY ISN'T AS STUPID AS HE LOOKS, AFTER ALL! HO! HO!

KNOW WHAT — ? I'M NOT AS STUPID AS I LOOK — THAT SECOND DRINK DID THE TRICK!


THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
GRIMLY FEENDISH
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
I'VE TRIED AND TRIED, BUT CAN'T DO IT—THE DREAM OF EVERY CROOK IN THE LAND—TO PINCH THE POLICE TEA FUND!
YAHOO! WE CAN DO IT NOW, GRIMLY SIR! I'VE INVENTED SOME DIABOLICAL SUGAR CUBES!
LAB
THEY DO! REALLY!! YOU'RE A GENIUS, ALBERT! ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS GET THEM INTO THE COP SHOP! WELL DONE, LAD!
WHISPER
LATER...
TUM-TE-TIDDLE-I-POH!
SUGAR CUBES FOR THE COP SHOP
HEH! HEH! THE RED LIGHT MEANS STOP, LAD!
BLAT!
SUGAR CUBES FOR THE COP SHOP
AIEEK!
A QUICK SWITCH—NOW OUR CUBES WILL GO TO THE COP SHOP! SNIGGER!
SUGAR CUBES FOR THE COP SHOP
SOON...
COO! THEY DON'T HALF MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GO THROUGH THE LIGHTS THESE DAYS!
SUGAR CUBES FOR THE COP SHOP
YAHOO! HERE'S THE SUGAR! TEA UP, LADS!
ONE LUMP ONLY—WE'RE ALL ON A DIET!
???
FIZZZZZ
EEK!
CRACK!
AAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
CRUNCH!
HEH! HEH! IT WORKED A TREAT! A DREAM IS ABOUT TO BE REALISED—NOW FOR THE TEA FUND MONEY! HEH! HEH!
POLICE
FIZZZZ
OH, OH! THAT SPILLED TEA'S LANDED ON THE CUBES IN THE SACK!
SUGAR CUBES FOR THE COP SHOP
AAGH! WHO WET THAT LOT? THEY'RE COMING STRAIGHT AT US!
WHOOSH!
BOO! HOO! IT'S NOT FAIR! WE'VE BEEN FOILED AGAIN! WE STILL HAVEN'T GOT THEIR TEA FUND! WAA-AAH!
POLICE
WHY DON'T THEY GIVE UP? THEY'RE BEATEN FAIR AND SQUARE!